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THE LAST HALF-DAY IN THE DISTRICT SCHOOL



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Entertainment
in
Two Acts*

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BECKLEY-CARDY COMPANY

Publishers

CHICAGO

THE LAST HALF-DAY
IN THE DISTRICT SCHOOL



THE ORIGINAL CAST IN COSTUME

THE LAST HALF-DAY IN THE DISTRICT SCHOOL

*Comic Entertainment
in Two Acts*

By
BIRDIE FRASER
and
JAY P. HIGGINS



BECKLEY-CARDY COMPANY
CHICAGO

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no. 1.

PREFACE

THIS play was first publicly presented at the McKinley School under the auspices of the Mothers' Club, and so captivated the popular fancy that four additional performances were given. These were held by request in the larger Orpheum Theater—each time to an overflowing house.

A description of the play was later given in a write-up of the work of this club which appeared in one of the national teachers' magazines. Since the publication of that article, calls for the play by schools and clubs in all parts of the country have been so numerous that the authors have decided to publish it in book form.

This play possesses an advantage over other district-school plays because of its originality and adaptability. The several songs and recitations may be changed if others seem more desirable, while keeping the characters the same. The answers to many of the questions may be changed to local hits of the most humorous character. A great deal of the fun lies in this very fact.

Likewise, the costumes and the stage setting may be adapted to meet the requirements of local traditions and circumstances.

When played by people of wit and a sense of humor THE LAST HALF-DAY IN THE DISTRICT SCHOOL will, we believe, prove an unbounded success. It is particularly comical when presented by adults dressed as children.

BIRDIE FRASER
JAY P. HIGGINS

DOWAGIAC, MICH.

CHARACTERS

PROF. CATCHEMATIT, Teacher

SCHOLARS :

Billy Be Dum, the School Dunce and Clown
Tommy Bragg, a Boy Who Lives up to His Name
Sammy Talkmuch, the Tattle-tale
Hans Von Smashem, the Dutchman
Clem Johnson, a Colored Boy
Betty McGee (and her cat), the Littlest Girl
Dot Simpson } Twins
Tot Simpson }
Topsy Turvy, a Colored Girl
Susie Shyann, a Very Shy Young Lady
Christina Vogelsang, a Singer of Ability
Dolly Dimple (and her dog), Teacher's Pet
Tillie Tickle, the Giggler
Annie Laurie, the Scotch Lassie
Lydia Lee, a Pretty Girl

VISITORS :

Mrs. Rulwell, School Commissioner
Silas Doolittle }
Josiah Whipstock } School Committee
Timothy Windstorm }
Mrs. Settemrite, Meddlesome Mother
Several Townspeople

COSTUMES

- PROF. CATCHEMATIT: Trousers rather short. Long black coat, fancy vest. Red wig and beard. Tall hat.
- BILLY BE DUM: Any comic costume. May be left to taste of person playing character. Red wig was used in original cast. This character must be some witty wag who is capable of making all kinds of original fun during the performance.
- TOMMY BRAGG: Knickerbocker suit; wide white collar, with immensely large bow tie.
- SAMMY TALKMUCH: White Buster Brown suit, big scarlet bow tie, white stockings, small white cap or hat. Represents child of about five.
- HANS VON SMASHEM: Typical Dutch costume. Blonde wig, baggy trousers, wooden shoes, etc.
- CLEM JOHNSON: May be typical vaudeville darky costume.
- BETTY MCGEE: Must be smallest girl. If dark, long-waisted pink muslin dress, with short skirt, lace collar; white stockings, black slippers; pink ribbon bows on hair. If fair, substitute blue for pink. Carries stuffed cloth cat.
- DOT SIMPSON: Pretty white dress with bunch of roses on shoulder.
- TOT SIMPSON: Dressed exactly like Dot.
- TOPSY TURVY: Old calico dress, with big flowers, buttoned down back. Hair in two little pigtails tied with purple ribbon.
- SUSIE SHYANN: Plaid gingham dress; hair hanging down in two braids.
- CHRISTINA VOGELSANG: A pretty girl in curls, fancy dress, with bracelet and necklace, etc.
- DOLLY DIMPLE: Small girl. Short full skirt, long white stockings and white shoes. Carries stuffed cloth poodle dog.
- TILLIE TICKLE: No special costume required.
- ANNIE LAURIE: Regular Scotch costume.
- LYDIA LEE: No special costume required.
- MRS. RULEWELL: Plain gray dress.
- SILAS DOOLITTLE: Ordinary business suit. Gray wig and beard. Spectacles.
- JOSIAH WHIPSTOCK: Gray wig and beard. Long coat. Boots. Pipe in mouth.
- TIMOTHY WINDSTORM: Trousers in boots. Goatee. Wide-brimmed hat. Duster. Stern countenance.
- MRS. SETTEMRITE: Plaid dress. Old-fashioned bonnet covered with bright flowers, and ribbons tied under the chin. Tight-fitting jacket.

THE LAST HALF-DAY IN THE DISTRICT SCHOOL

ACT I

THE EXAMINATION

SCENE: *Interior of old-fashioned district school.*

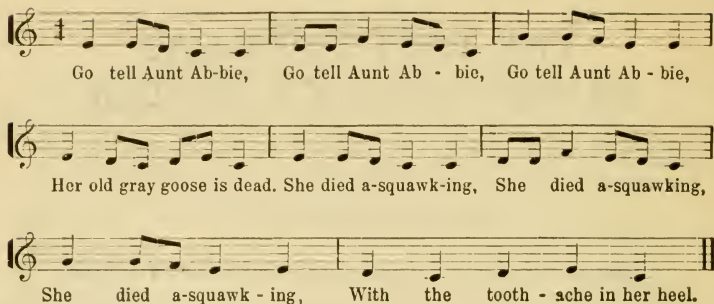
Long pine benches for seats (or double desks if not obtainable), with continuous desks. Blackboard at side of room. Big wooden pail and tin dipper for water. Three-legged dunce stool on one side of platform. Raised platform at end of room. Teacher's desk, with lift top, in center of front. Desk is conspicuously decorated with heavy ruler and long hickory switch. Chairs for visitors.

TEACHER enters at raising of curtain. Rings hand-bell. Enter SCHOLARS dressed as boys and girls of the olden time. Some skipping, some chewing gum, all with big tin dinner pails on arm. After leaving hats, pails, etc., at back of room, each scholar goes to desk and makes a bow or courtesy to the master before taking his seat. TEACHER calls school to order. As he opens desk, a white leghorn rooster flies out. Probably put there by BILLY BE DUM. The teacher then calls the roll, which children should answer in some humorous and characteristic way.

TEACHER: Now, children, we will all rise and sing, "Go Tell Aunt Abbie her Old Gray Goose is Dead."

[SCHOLARS and TEACHER sing, each in different key, causing a discord, the greater the better. Song is stopped by TEACHER.]

GO TELL AUNT ABBIE



Enter ANNIE LAURIE, who is late.

TEACHER: Why, Annie, what made you so late to-day!

ANNIE [*panting*]: Well, you see, teacher, as I was a-comin' along the road I met a man and he said Mr. Jones has got a sick horse, and they 'd sent for the horse doctor. So I ran all the way to the Jones' just as fast as I could to get there, and when I got there it was only a man!

TEACHER [*sympathetically*]: Well, Annie, that was too bad! You may be seated!

*Enter BILLY BE DUM, with a ten-quart milk pail on arm.
 Hands excuse to teacher.*

TEACHER [*reads*]: "Please excuse Billy for bein' late. His paw says he can't buy him no diaphragm. He don't know one when he sees it anyhow, and for you to quit tellin' him to breathe through it 'cause we ain't got no money for to get these new fangled things with.—Mrs. BE DUM."

TEACHER [*laughing heartily*]: All right, Billy, you don't need to breathe with your diaphragm. Be seated and we will all turn our attention to current events and questions of historical interest.

Enter VISITORS, as heretofore enumerated.

[TEACHER *introduces visitors. BILLY BE DUM makes profound bow. Other pupils call out familiarly: "Howdy," "Good-mornin'," etc.]*

TEACHER: We will now proceed with our examination exercises. Hans, what can you tell us about China?

HANS [*scratching his head and looking wise*]: Why, China is so heavily populated that two of 'em die every time we breathe.

[TOMMY BRAGG *breathes heavily several times.*]

TEACHER [*irritably*]: What are you doing, Tommy?

TOMMY [*innocently*]: Killing Chinamen!

TEACHER: Well, you need n't kill any more, Tommy. Lydia, tell us something about the triple alliance.

LYDIA [*glibly*]: It was triplets, but Italy objected, so it's twins!

TEACHER: Quite right, Lydia. Dolly, what can you say of the climate in the war zone?

DOLLY [*brusquely*]: Hot!

TEACHER: Why do you think it is hot, Dolly?

DOLLY: Because General Sherman said, "War is hell!"

TEACHER: Didn't suppose you knew much about that—What's the matter, Clem? [*Turns abruptly to CLEM, who is making grotesque faces.*]

CLEM: My hair tickles my face!

TEACHER: Well, here's a dime. Go get it cut.

CLEM [*sarcastically*]: Can't do it, teachah. Ma wants a new switch, and she's dun growin' it on me!

TEACHER: All right, keep on growing it, but I warn you to keep your face straight. Sammy, why do the Germans spell culture with a K?

SAMMY [*smartly*]: 'Cause they can't control the C (*sea*)!

TEACHER: Don't tell that to the Germans, Sammy. Billy, give us a talk on Belgium.

BILLY: Can't!

TEACHER: Why can't you talk about Belgium?

BILLY: 'Cause there ain't enough left of it to talk about.

TEACHER: Guess you're right, Billy. Susie, what effect is the war likely to have on Turkey?

SUSIE [*smartly*]: Likely to make Turkey Trot out of Europe.

TEACHER: I guess so. Annie, did you have a question?

ANNIE: I saw by the paper that Holland is likely to join the allies.

BILLY [*with a wink*]: Don't you believe all you hear about Holland. It's the lowest lying country in the world.

TEACHER: You're too smart, Billy. What is the Board of Education?

BILLY: A pine shingle!

TEACHER: This will end our personal examination. We will now ask some questions of historical interest. The class may answer in concert, for the benefit of our distinguished visitors.

[*The CLASS answers all the questions vociferously.*]

TEACHER: Now, children, who swallowed the whale?

CLASS: Jonah!

TEACHER: Who discovered America?

CLASS: George Washington.

TEACHER: Who is President of the United States?

CLASS: [*Use the name of some conceited local character.*]

TEACHER: Who is Governor of Michigan?

CLASS: Henry Ford.

TEACHER: Who is mayor of [*use name of local town*]?

[*In answering the following questions, use names of local characters who seem to fit the questions, and let answer be as absurd as possible.*]

TEACHER: How did Columbus cross the Delaware?

CLASS: He Ford-ed it.

TEACHER: Who is America's greatest bandmaster?

Who said "Don't give up the fight"?

Who was old "Rough and Ready"?

Who was "Old Put"?

Who was the hero of the Battle of Gettysburg?

Who invented the sewing machine?

Who said "Give me liberty or give me death"?

Who is president of Harvard College?

Give Patrick Henry's famous speech. *Ans.* "I'll have liberty if I have to swim for it."

Who made the American flag?

What are some of the other names for the American flag?

Ans. "Old Glory," "The Stars and Stripes,"

"The Star Spangled Banana"!

TEACHER: I will now ask you some questions individually.

Billy, if you should look up to the sky and see Old Glory floating in majesty from a lofty staff, what noble thoughts would fill your soul?

BILLY [*scratching his head*]: I'd think the wind was a-blowin'!

SAMMY [*standing up in his place and wildly waving his hand*]: Teacher! Teacher! Dolly Dimple has got her dog in school!

TEACHER [*looking sternly over glasses*]: Dolly, you may put your dog out.

DOLLY [*crying*]: No, I don't want to! My mamma said I could take my doggie to school. Please, teacher, I don't want to put him out! [*Sobs and hugs stuffed cloth poodle to her breast.*]

TEACHER [*relenting*]: Well, Dolly, all right, seeing it's you, but you must keep your doggie still!

DOLLY [*smiling and brushing away her tears*]: Yes, teacher, I will.

BETTY [*the littlest girl, raising her hand and piping out*]: Teacher, I got my kitty, too!

TEACHER [*angrily and stamping foot*]: Put the cat out. Betty!

BETTY [*screaming*]: I don't want to!

SAMMY [*pleadingly*]: Teacher, she wants her cat. She'll keep it still, won't you, Betty?

BETTY: Yep! [*Nodding her head vigorously.*]

TEACHER: Well, all right, this time, but no more cats and dogs can come into this school.

BETTY [*smiling sweetly on SAMMY*]: Fank you, Sammy. I like you, Sammy.

SAMMY [*waving hand*]: Teacher, Hans Von Smashem has got his feet in the aisle, and gum in his mouth!

TEACHER [*severely*]: Hans, take that gum out of your mouth and put your feet in. Reading class in First Reader may come to the front! [*CLASS passes.*]

Now, children, what little boy or girl can tell me what our lesson is about?

DOT [*importantly*]: The Hen!

TEACHER: Correct! Dot, you may read!

DOT [*stands up and reads in a drawling voice*]: "See—the—hen. The—hen—is—on—the—henhouse. What—is—the—hen—doing? The—hen—is—trying—to—crow. Why—is—the—hen—trying—to—crow? The—hen—is—a—suffragette!"

TEACHER: That was well done, Dot. You may read the next, Hans.

HANS: "How does a hen look?" [*Stares stupidly around and remarks*]: A hen has three legs!

TEACHER [*impatiently*]: No! No! That is wrong. Nobody asked you how many legs a hen has; but, Lydia, you may tell Hans how many legs a hen has.

LYDIA [*always correct*]: A hen has two legs.

TEACHER [*approvingly*]: That is right, Lydia. Read on, Hans.

HANS: "Der hen is dead!"

TEACHER: Yes. Now, Hans [*encouragingly*], put these sentences on the board and correct them: "The hen is dead." "Who done it?"

HANS [*at blackboard, chalk in hand, mouth open*]: "The hen has three legs." "Who done it?"

TEACHER: Read your corrected sentences, Hans!

HANS [*reads*]: "Der hen is dead mit three legs. Der hen never done it! God done it!"

TEACHER [*disgustedly*]: That is enough, Hans! You are very stupid. We will now turn to the horse story! Tot, you may tell us what a horse is!

TOT: A horse is an animal! It has four legs!

TEACHER: That is good! Now what is a horse good for?

TOT [*exultantly*]: Dried beef!

TEACHER [*impatiently*]: No! No! Not at all! It is good to draw heavy loads and to carry people from place to place. It can travel very swiftly. Who can tell me the different ways in which the horse can travel? All right, Lydia, you may tell us.

LYDIA [*standing up and answering glibly*]: The horse can walk, trot, gallop, and run!

TEACHER: Good! Now, Tillie, you may tell us the different ways a horse can travel!

TILLIE [*just as glibly*]: The horse can travel north, south, east, west, up, and down!

[LYDIA *waving her hand, with idea of correcting.*]

TEACHER: That is probably true, Lydia. Let us now turn to the tree story. Billy, read the lesson about the tree!

BILLY [*reads in a drawling, jerky manner*]: "I see a *tree*! The tree is *green*! The tree has *leaves*! The tree has *roots*! The tree has—b-a-r-k."

TEACHER [*impatiently*]: Well, Billy, what does b-a-r-k spell?

BILLY [*stupidly*]: I dunno!

TEACHER [*trying to keep his temper*]: Let us spell it by sound. *B-ar-k*. Now, what is it?

BILLY: The tree has fleas.

TEACHER [*throwing down book in disgust*]: No, the tree has n't fleas! It has bark, bark!

BILLY: Oh, bow-wow. Bow-wow!

TEACHER [*in despair*]: Oh, Billy, you are so awfully stupid! The tree has bark on it. Now read it.

BILLY [*emphatically*]: The tree has *bow-wow* on it!

TEACHER: Children, Billy does not seem to be able to think straight. Let us leave this lesson and look over the story of "The Friendly Cow." Listen, children, while I read you this nice little poem [*reads*]:

"The friendly cow, all red and white,
I love with all my heart:
She gives me cream with all her might,
To eat with apple-tart."

Isn't that a fine poem, children?

CHILDREN [*nodding and shouting*]: Yes, sir! Yes, ma'am!

TEACHER: What kind of a cow is it, Dot?

DOT: A Holstein!

TEACHER: No, Dottie, it is a "friendly" cow. What color is it, Tot?

TOT [*with finger in mouth*]: Red, white, and blue.

TEACHER: Well, she was a patriotic cow, anyhow, and that's a whole lot. Lydia, what color was the cow?

LYDIA: Red and white.

TEACHER: Good! What does the friendly cow give us, Hans?

HANS [*stupidly*]: Buttermilk.

TEACHER [*rapping on desk*]: Hans, keep your ears open. Lydia?

LYDIA [*trippingly*]: Cream, to eat with apple-tart.

TEACHER: Good! You may read the first line, Tot.

TOT: "See the cow. Is she not beautiful?"

TEACHER: The next line, Dot.

DOT: "Can the cow travel faster than the horse?"

TEACHER: Fine! Billy, put that story in your own words.

BILLY: Git on to the cow! Ain't she a beaut? 'Course she can't go faster than no horse.

TEACHER: That will be all for to-day! Class is dismissed!

SAMMY [*waving hand*]: Teacher, teacher! Lydia is winking at Billy!

TEACHER: Lydia, if you must wink at somebody, wink at me! Now we will listen to the class in geography!

SAMMY [*waving hand*]: Teacher, Billy Be. Dum is making faces at me!

TEACHER [*severely*]: Billy, you may come up in front!
[*BILLY is placed on dunce stool, with dunce cap on his head. He makes faces and all kinds of original fun.*]

TEACHER: Geography class may be seated.

ANNIE [*rising and holding out skirt of a new dress*]:
Teacher, see my new dress! My ma made it for me to wear to-day! Ain't it purty?

TEACHER: Very pretty, Annie!

BETTY [*jumping up*]: See, teacher, my new dress, too!

TEACHER: Yes, Betty. What do you want, Topsy [*who is waving hand*]?

TOPSY [*rising and displaying her dress, which is a very gaudy, cheap, worn-looking calico*]: Sho, teachah, look at my new dress. My maw dun got it down on de rubbish dump. How does you all like it?

TEACHER: Very fine, Topsy! Now let us turn our attention to our geography. Tommy, give three proofs that the earth is round!

TOMMY [*looking puzzled and hesitating*]: Well, the book says so, you say so, and Ma says so!

TEACHER: Three very good reasons, Tommy. Topsy, which is the larger—the Mississippi River in the United States or the Thames River in England?

TOPSY [*grinning*]: De Mis'sippi!

TEACHER: How much larger?

TOPSY: Why, Massa Teachah, dar ain't enough watah in de whole Thames Rivah to make one good gargle fo' de mouf of de Mis'sippi.

TEACHER: Very true, Topsy. What can you say about Plymouth Rock, Betty?

BETTY: They are the best laying hens in the state.

TEACHER: Annie, what is the equator?

ANNIE: The equator is a menagerie lion (*imaginary line*) running around the earth!

TEACHER: What zone do we live in, Tommy?

TOMMY: Zone three.

TEACHER: You don't understand. Do we live in the torrid zone?

TOMMY: Oh, I thought you meant parcel post!

TEACHER: Name three important products of England, Annie.

ANNIE: Lords, earls, and suffragettes.

TEACHER: What can you say of the climate of Russia, Betty?

BETTY: Cold and dry.

TEACHER: Why do think it is dry, Betty?

BETTY: Why, I just read about how Russia had gone prohibitionist.

TEACHER: Topsy, name the principal races of men.

TOPSY: De 2:20 pace, de 3:00 minute trot, and de free fo' all.

TEACHER: Betty, what is a caterpillar?

BETTY: An upholstered worm.

TEACHER: What are trade winds, Annie?

ANNIE: Hot air in a horse trade.

TEACHER: Explain why a camel has a hump, Tommy.

TOMMY: Well, when Noah got his ark done, the camel was 40,000 miles away, and he had to get a hump on him to get there!

TEACHER: Annie, name an animal that has neither legs nor wings, yet can travel.

ANNIE: A worm.

TEACHER: Correct. Who can name two other animals of the same kind?

BETTY: Two other worms.

TEACHER: Topsy, tell us something about the giraffe!

TOPSY: De giraffe am a foah-legged animal wid a l-o-n-g [*stretching out arms*] neck.

TEACHER: Yes, the giraffe has a very long neck. Can any of you think of anything that could be worse than a giraffe with a sore throat?

BETTY: A thousand-legged worm with corns.

ANNIE: A hen with the toothache.

TOPSY: A lazy man wid de spring fevah.

TOMMY: A man with the inflammatory rheumatism and the St. Vitus dance all at the same time.

TEACHER: That is all for geography to-day. Your answers have been excellent. What is it, Sammy?

SAMMY [*wildly waving hand*]: Teacher, Tommy Bragg shook his fist at me!

TEACHER [*severely*]: Now, Tommy, I have been talking to you all day and you haven't paid the least attention to me. Suppose you were plowing corn, Tommy, and you kept telling the horse to "haw, haw" and he didn't pay any attention to you, what would you do?

TOMMY [*pertly*]: Why, I'd tell him to "gee."

TEACHER [*angrily*]: You would, would you? Well, now, you may point! You can't sass me, if it is the last day.

TOMMY: What?

TEACHER [*very angry*]: I said you may point.* Point! Do you understand?

[TOMMY *points upward, at the side, and in every way except the way intended by the TEACHER. At last, however, after a slash about the legs with a heavy hickory stick he leans over and touches his finger to a nail on the floor, and receives the customary punishment.*]

TEACHER: We will now call upon the spelling class. Class may pass to the front and stand.

[*Class composed of SAMMY, CLEM, SUSIE, TILLIE, CHRISTINA, and DOLLY.*]

TEACHER: Clem, spell whippoorwill!

* IN OLDEN days it was customary for a teacher to make an unruly child "point." That is, for the child to bend over and put his finger on a nail in the floor, while the teacher administered punishment with a shingle in the usual way.

CLEM: Whip-poor-bill—Whippoorbill.

TEACHER: Tillie spell season.

TILLIE: S-e-a-z-o-n.

TEACHER: Name the four seasons, Tillie.

TILLIE: Salt, pepper, lemon, and vanilla.

TEACHER: Now, we have the word f-i-t. Who can tell me what the word is? [*No response.*] Well, then, let us spell it by sound. What sound has f?

CLASS: F-f-f [*sounding f*].

TEACHER: Sound i-t.

CLASS: I-t—it.

TEACHER: All right. Now, what does f-it spell? [*CLASS does not know.*] Well, what does a cat have sometimes?

SAMMY: Kittens.

TEACHER: You are all very stupid, so we will change the subject. We have here p-a-n-e. What does p-a-n-e spell?

CLASS: Toothache, headache, stomach-ache.

TEACHER: No, not that kind of a pain. This is what we put in a window when the glass is broken.

CLEM: Ma puts dad's ole shirt in, teachah.

TEACHER: Well, all right, Clem. I have the word impatient. Now, you made me impatient a while ago. How did I feel?

TILLIE: Sober!

DOLLIE: Crazy!

SUSIE: Natural!

TEACHER [*sarcastically*]: You've all struck it. Here is the word unaware. Who can give me a sentence containing the word unaware?

CHRISTINA: "My mamma is going to get me some silk unawares at the ten-cent store."

TEACHER: Now, how will you punctuate this sentence, Sammy? [*Writes on blackboard, "John has a new bicycle"*]

SAMMY: That 's easy, teacher. Stick tacks in the tire.

TEACHER: All right if you don't like John. Punctuate this

sentence, Dolly: "A five-dollar bill flew around the corner"

DOLLY: A period after corner.

TEACHER: What is it, Clem?

CLEM: I would n't do it dat way, teachah. I'd make a dash aftah the five-dollah bill!

TEACHER: Now, children, I shall read you a lovely poem entitled "The Old Oaken Bucket." [*Reads first stanza.*] You may illustrate the poem, children.

[*Papers passed and shortly collected. BETTY hands in paper with pictures of three distinct buckets, and the whole page covered with polka-dots.*]

TEACHER: Why, Betty, I don't understand. What [*pointing to first bucket*] is this?

BETTY: That's the moss-covered bucket.

TEACHER: And this? [*Pointing to second.*]

BETTY: That's the iron-bound bucket.

TEACHER: And this?

BETTY: That's the "old oaken bucket that hung in the well."

TEACHER: What are these spots, Betty?

BETTY: Why, those are the "loved-spots that my infancy knew."

SAMMY [*waving*]: Teacher, Hans Von Smashem is chewing gum!

TEACHER: Hans, this is twice I have spoken to you about gum. You may come here and hold down this nail.

[*HANS obeys, grinning. Plenty of original antics may be thrown in by HANS, or by any of the pupils. This play leaves a great deal of room for originality.*]

TEACHER: We have one more class, the physiology and hygiene class.

[*BETTY MCGEE raises hand and asks permission to leave room. TEACHER gives permission. While going she slips a rope around HANS' feet and ties him to BILLY BE DUM's feet. She does this very demurely and no*

one suspects, as BETTY is a very innocent appearing little girl. BETTY takes her seat.]

TEACHER [*calls physiology class and asks the following questions, CLASS giving answers in turn*]: What happens to a man when his temperature goes down as far as it can go? *Ans.* He has cold feet.

What is a skeleton? *Ans.* A skelington is a frame-work, with nobody on it, or, A skeleton is a man with his insides out and his outsides off.

How many bones in the human body? *Ans.* There are 206 unless a man is a bonehead, then there are 207.

Describe digestion. *Ans.* Digestion begins in the mouth and ends in the new testament.

What is the name of the canal found in the ear? *Ans.* Erie (*ear-y*) Canal.

How many skins have we? *Ans.* We have two skins, an upper and a lower skin. The lower skin moves all the time, the upper skin moves when we do.

What happens to starch in the stomach? *Ans.* Starch changes to sugar and sugar changes to sugar cane.

How many teeth has a man? *Ans.* It depends on how many fights he had when he was young.

TEACHER: A very good recitation. I will now pass out these blank sheets of paper. Upon them I wish each boy and girl to draw a picture of what they would like to be when grown.

DOLLY: Can I pass the paper, teacher?

SAMMY: Can't I pass it, teacher?

TEACHER: Betty may pass it!

[*DOLLY whimpers and SAMMY sputters to himself. A few moments are given for drawing. TEACHER collects papers. SUSIE SHYANN has a blank paper.*]

TEACHER: Susie, why is your paper blank?

SUSIE [*blushing and hesitating*]: Well, you see, teacher, I want to get married when I am grown, but I did n't know how to draw it.

TEACHER: Here are more papers. Upon these I wish each child to draw a picture of what he would do if he had a million dollars.

[*Pictures drawn and collected. One sheet blank.*]

TEACHER: Well, Billy, you have left a blank sheet, I see. What would you do if you had a million?

BILLY: Jest what 's on the paper, teacher.

TEACHER: There isn't anything there!

BILLY: That 's just it—nothin'!

TEACHER: Hans and Billy may take their seats. [*Upon attempting to rise, of course, their feet being tied, they both fall down and cause considerable commotion.*]

TEACHER: Who did that, now? Come, speak up, who did that?

[*No answer.*]

I want the one who tied those boys to speak up.

[*BETTY hangs her head.*]

LYDIA: Betty did it, teacher!

DOLLY: Yes, sir, Betty, she done it. I seen her do it.

SAMMY [*who always defends BETTY*]: No, sir, she did n't do it. Betty did n't!

TEACHER: Betty, come here!

[*BETTY obeys reluctantly, coming slowly forward, hanging her head.*]

TEACHER: Betty, did you tie those boys?

BETTY [*hesitates, then answers*]: Yes, sir, I cannot tell a lie. I did it with a little rope.

TEACHER: Well, Betty, you are a regular George Washington! Here is a nice little hatchet. Keep it for your honesty. [*BETTY skips to seat.*] We will now pass to recess. [*Everybody rises and skips out.*]

CURTAIN

ACT II

THE "LITERARY" PROGRAM

SCENE: *The same.*

As the curtain rises, VISITORS are seen talking among themselves and with the TEACHER. MR. WINDSTORM is occupied in taking notes of the school equipment and in examining some of it. TEACHER rings bell, when VISITORS resume their places, and SCHOLARS skip back to their seats.

TEACHER [*rises, turning toward the VISITORS, and makes the following announcement, then resumes his seat*]: We will now listen to some speaking and singing by the scholars, in honor of our last half-day before vacation. The first thing on our program is a little verse of welcome by Susie Shyann!

[*Each pupil steps forward and faces the audience when reciting.*]

SUSIE [*rises and very shyly says her little speech*]:

ADDRESS OF WELCOME

We welcome you, dear visitors;
We're glad to see you here.
We hope that you'll come often
Throughout the coming year.

We take this way to thank you,
For all the good you've done.
We know that you've been working
To help us every one.

If to-day mistakes we're making,
 Perhaps some failures, too,
 Oh! believe us, we are trying
 Our very best to do.

So on this day for visitors,
 Your own through all the year,
 We want once more to tell you
 We're very glad you're here.

TEACHER: The next will be a recitation by Dot and Tot Simpson.

DOT and TOT [*recite*]:

MAMMA'S LITTLE DARLINGS

We are mamma's little darlings—
 Don't you think we're awful sweet?
 With these roses on our shoulders,
 And our muslin dresses neat?

Mamma made them just on purpose,
 'Cause we'se goin' to speak to you.
 Don't you wish you had one like them?
 We know you do.

TEACHER: Now we will have a declamation by Sammy Talkmuch.

SAMMY [*talks as fast as possible*]:

Here I stand before the glass;
 From top to toe it reaches.
 Now look, here's head and hands and feet,
 And all the rest is breeches.

TEACHER: We will now listen to a duet by Christina Vogel-sang and Tommy Bragg.

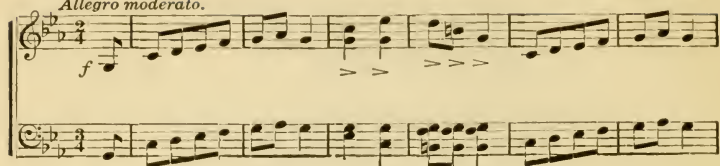
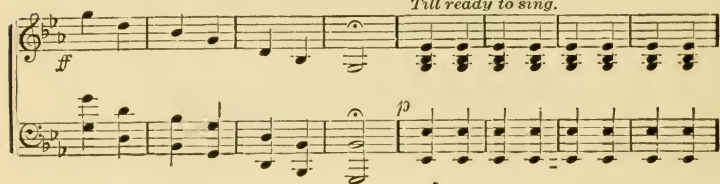
CHRISTINA } [*sing duet*]:
 TOMMY }

REUBEN AND RACHEL

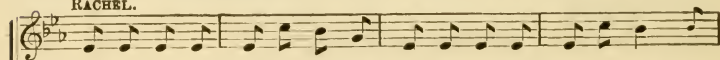
PER. OF WHITE-SMITH MUSIC PUB. CO.

HARRY BIRCH

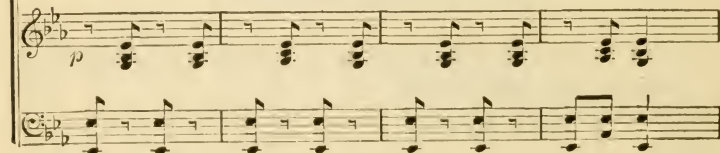
WILLIAM GOOCH

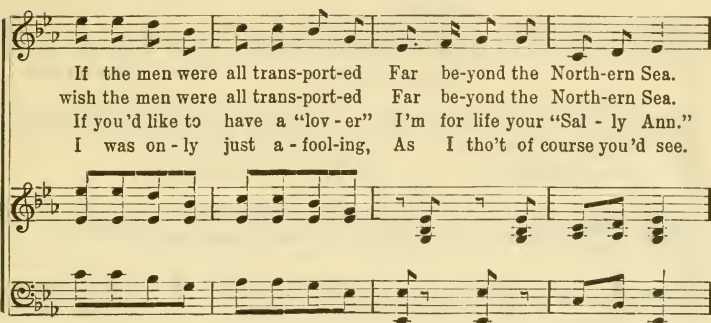
Allegro moderato.*Till ready to sing.*

RACHEL.



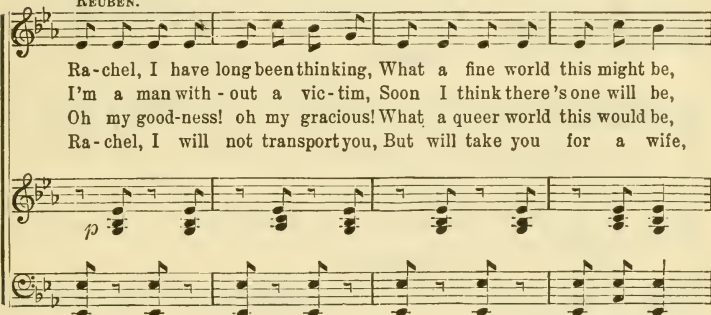
1. Reu-ben, I have long been thinking What a good world this might be,
2. Reu-ben, I'm a poor lone wom-an, No one seems to care for me, I
3. Reu-ben, what's the use of fool-ing, Why not come up like a man?
4. Reu-ben, now do stop your teas-ing, If you've an - y love for me;



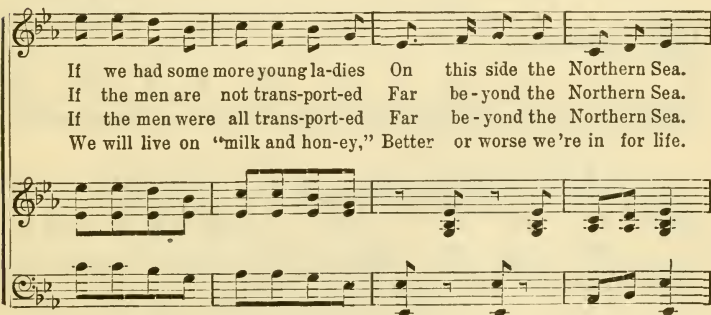


If the men were all trans-ported Far be-yond the North-ern Sea.
 wish the men were all trans-ported Far be-yond the North-ern Sea.
 If you'd like to have a "lov-er" I'm for life your "Sal-ly Ann."
 I was on-ly just a-fool-ing, As I tho't of course you'd see.

REUBEN.



Ra-chel, I have long been thinking, What a fine world this might be,
 I'm a man with-out a vic-tim, Soon I think there's one will be,
 Oh my good-ness! oh my gracious! What a queer world this would be,
 Ra-chel, I will not transport you, But will take you for a wife,



If we had some more young la-dies On this side the Northern Sea.
 If the men are not trans-ported Far be-yond the Northern Sea.
 If the men were all trans-ported Far be-yond the Northern Sea.
 We will live on "milk and hon-ey," Better or worse we're in for life.

REUBEN AND RACHEL—Concluded

RACHEL.

Too ral loo ral, Too ral lee,

REUBEN.

Too ral loo ral loo, Too ral loo ral loo,

If the men were all transport - ed Far be-yond the North-ern Sea.

If we had some more young ladies On this side the North-ern Sea.

8.....

f

Till ready to sing.

p

The musical score is written for two voices, Rachel and Reuben, and piano accompaniment. It is in 2/4 time and the key of B-flat major (two flats). The score is divided into several systems. The first system shows Rachel's entry with the lyrics 'Too ral loo ral, Too ral lee,' followed by Reuben's entry with 'Too ral loo ral loo, Too ral loo ral loo,'. The second system contains the lyrics 'If the men were all transport - ed Far be-yond the North-ern Sea.' and 'If we had some more young ladies On this side the North-ern Sea.' with a measure rest marked '8.....'. The third system features a piano accompaniment with a forte dynamic 'f'. The final system includes the instruction 'Till ready to sing.' and a piano accompaniment with a piano dynamic 'p'.

TEACHER: The next will be an original composition by Hans Von Smashem.

HANS [*reads*]:

GIRLS

A girl is a kid what will some day grow up to be a woman stead of a man if she is kareful an aint kiled by a oughtomobeile or dont die death from other natchel coses. You kin allus tell the difrance betwen a boy an a girl becos she puts on ares an has curls an dont get holes in the nees of her stockins or kalus on her thum from shootin marbles fer keeps.

Girls is funny children. They get sore on a feller when he kisses em an they sometimes gets sore cause he dont kiss em. How kin a feller tell what to do? I dont know. Ive knowed a pile of girls in my time an their all jest the same ceptin the color of there hare an eyes an the dresses what they ware.

Girls favorut fun is chewin gum an tattlin to there mothers. They also enjoys ice cream sody when they kin get it. I wouldnt be a girl fer ennything becos they cant never be a baseball picher or president of these united states of america. Girls looks nice when they is dressed an in the parler but they aint no fun playin fer they is allus afrade of gettin dirty or gettin there hare pulled.

Girls is afrade of mice rats bugs an freckels an last years close. Girls is certain funny sometimes but I think mebbe they will get better when they grows up. Farther says young spiruts does get better with age.

[*I. Newton Greene*]

TEACHER: A recitation by Billy Be Dum.

BILLY [*recites*]:

NO PLACE FOR BOYS

Ma, she says, "S-s-h-h!" Pa, he says, "don't!"

Aunt Lou, she says, "Kee-ee-eep still!"

An' grandpa says, "Oh, go outside

If you must wissle, Bill!"

An' even Jane, the hired girl,

Says: "Goodness, hush that noise!"

It's plain enough to me that home

Ain't no fit place for boys!

THE LAST HALF-DAY

'En pa says: "S-h-h-h!" an' ma says "Don't!"
 An' grandpa says, "Land sakes!"
 An' 'en Aunt Lou says: "Gracious me!
 What noise one youngster makes!"
 An' Mike, the hired man, he says:
 "My heavens! What a noise!"
 So I just have to go outside,
 'Coz home's no place for boys.

'En I go down to Uncle Jack's,
 An' he says, "Gracious me!
 Here is that merry boy of mine,
 Come out, Aunt Moll, and see!"
 'En we go inside an' we make
 Such a big lot of noise,
 It seems to me 'at Uncle Jack's
 The only place for boys.

Gee, but I'd like to live somew'eres
 Where people don't say, "Tush!"
 Or, "Goodness me!" or "Sakes alive!"
 Or "Don't!" or "Sh-h-h!" or "Hush!"
 Whenever I just squeak a chair
 Or make a little noise,
 'Coz such a place as that would be
 A bully place for boys.

[J. W. Foley

TEACHER: The next will be a song by Topsy Turvy and Clem Johnson.

TOPSY }
 CLEM } [*sing and dance in typical vaudeville fashion*]:

OLD BLACK JOE

(Or any other negro melody.)

TEACHER: A recitation by Dolly Dimple.

DOLLY [*forgets her piece before she is fairly started. Stammers, becomes very nervous, at last breaks down, weeping, and goes to her seat.*] (*This is all of Dolly's piece that is needed.*)

I want a piece of calico,
To make my doll a dress. [*Repeats.*]
I does n't want a big piece, [*Very nervous.*]
A yard will do, I guess. [*Scared.*]
'Cause Hepsy tore her apron, [*Getting worse*]
A-slidin' down the stairs.
And Caesar tore his— [*Hesitates*]
Caesar tore his— [*Sobs*]
Caesar tore his—
[*Breaks down and goes to seat sobbing.*]

TEACHER: Solo by Billy Be Dum.

BILLY [*sings*]:

SUNDAY NIGHT IN PUNKINVILLE

TUNE: *Yankee Doodle*

'T was Sunday night in Punkinville,
In clear, cold winter weather,
Josiah Perkins and his Sal
Sat by the fire together.

The apples by the chimney snug
Were slowly getting warmer,
The cider in the pewter mug
Was bubbling in the corner.

A wooden settle firm and good
Their loving forms supporting;
'T was made of seasoned white pine wood—
Just the thing for courting.

At one end Sally stuck like pitch,
While Josiah seemed to fear her.
But after while he gave a hitch
And got a little nearer.

Sal cast her eyes down, looked quite tame,
Tho' very sweetly blushing,
While all the blood in Josiah's frame
Seemed to his cheeks a-gushing.

THE LAST HALF-DAY

He hitched again and got quite near,
 He could not then resist her,
 He called her his own Sally dear,
 Then bashfully he kissed her.

Good gracious! but she gave a start,
 Her anger did not smother.
 She said, "If you do that again,
 Now, Josh, I'll tell my mother!"

They soon made up and she came back,
 And calmed her agitation,
 When last I saw them through the crack
 They were kissing like tarnation.

TEACHER: We will now listen to a recitation by Betty McGee.
 BETTY [*carries an imitation dead cat by the tail*]:

THE DEAD CAT

You'se as stiff and as cold as a stone,
 Little cat,
 Dey's done frowed you out an' left you alone,
 Little cat.
 I'se a-strokin' youse fur,
 But you don't never purr,
 Nor hump up anywhere,
 Little cat.
 Why is dat?
 Is youse's purrin' an' humpin'-up done?

Why fer is youse little feet tied,
 Little cat?
 Did dey pizen youse tummiel inside,
 Little cat?
 Did dey stone you wif bricks,
 An' wif big nasty sticks?
 An' abuse you wif kieks,
 Little eat?
 Tell me dat!
 Did dey holler when you ewied?

Did it hurt very much when you died,

Little cat?

Why did n't you wun off an' hide,

Little cat?

I 'se wet in my eyes,

'Cause I most always ewies,

When a pussy cat dies,

Little cat,

Fink of dat!

And I 'se awfully sowwy besides! [*Cries.*]

Des sleep quiet down dere in de soft gound,

Little cat.

While I tucks the gween gwass all awound,

Little cat.

Dey can't hurt you no more,

When you 'se tired and so sore,

Des sleep quiet, you pore

Little cat,

And forget all de kicks of de town. [*Sobs.*]

TEACHER: The next will be a recitation by Topsy Turvy.

TOPSY [*recites*]:

PORE LI'L MOSE

About 'er mile frum Cottonville

Dere stands de district school

Where all de cullud chillens go.

De teachah am a fool.

My daddy gwine ter take me out,

And put me on de fahm.

He says de foolishness I leahn

It simply do me hahm.

He says de stuff dey teaches

'Bout de effects of alcohol

Is just ter keep poor folks from

Habin' any fun at all.

And ebery Friday afternoon,

We allus got ter speak,

And my pa says how kin er coon

Learn sumpin' every week?

THE LAST HALF-DAY

But speak we does, and, Lordy sakes,
 You certainly would die
 Ter hear de high-toned pieces
 Dat dem coons git up and try.
 First Susie Smith, she up an' speaks
 'Erbout der restless sea.
 Den 'Rastus White he rattles off
 "Ter be er not ter be."

An' after dat Sam Johnson comes
 An' stands upon de floor
 An' bows, and chokes, and stammers out
 'Erbout "Excelsior."
 "De boy stood on de burnin' deck"
 Comes next by Moses Small,
 He's spoke dat piece so often
 Dat he mos' fergit hit all.

Well, some speaks prose, and some of dem
 Speaks blankety-blank ve'se.
 An' some speaks poetry, and some
 Reads essays which am wo'se.
 An' den de teachah calls on me,
 When all de rest am froo,
 And I speaks one I wrote myself,
 De best what I could do.

[*My Piece.*]

"From Greenland's icy mountains
 Ter Patagonia's land
 De great almighty dollah cuts
 De ice ter beat de band."

De teachah tuck and called me up
 An' said 't dat was slang,
 An' I says, "You go chase you'self!"
 I did n't care a hang!
 An' den de teachah jump on me
 An' hit me such a whack,
 Dat now my pa's as mad as hops
 An' I ain't gwine back!

[*B. F. Outcalt*]

TEACHER: Billy Be Dum and Tommy Bragg will now recite
"A Horse and a Flea."

BILLY }
TOMMY } [*in a quick, jerky, sing-song way, recite*]:

A horse and a flea and three blind mice
Sat on the floor a-shaking dice.
The horse slipped up and fell on the flea;
And the flea hollers out,
"There's a horse on me!"

TEACHER: A song by the boys.

BOYS and TEACHER [*sing*]:

THE OLD DISTRICT SCHOOLDAYS

TUNE: *The Old Oaken Bucket*

How dear to my heart are the scenes of our schooldays,
When fond recollections present them to view;
The schoolhouse, the playground, the grove and the wildwood,
And every loved thing that our lost kid days knew—
The primer, the speller, the slate, and the ruler,
The sweet little girls that we all liked to smack—
The good ones, the bad ones, the bright ones, the dull ones,
The ones that have left us and ne'er will come back.

CHORUS:

The old district schooldays, the hickory-stick schooldays,
The old-fashioned schooldays, we all loved so well.

How sweet are the thoughts of the games of our schooldays,
As toiling along on the rough road of life,
Our memories return to the school and its playdays.
In fancy we join once again in the strife:
Puss wants a corner, marbles and baseball,
Follow the leader and hunt the gray fox,
Ring 'round the rosy, wood goal, and snowball.
Skating and coasting, and duck on the rock.

TEACHER: The next is a recitation by Annie Laurie.

ANNIE [*recites*] :

“IMPH-M”

When I was a laddie lang syne at the schule,
The maister aye ca'd me a dunce an' a fule;
For somehow his words I could ne'er un'erstan'
Unless when he bawled, “Jamie, haud oot yer han'!”

Then I gloom'd and said, “Imph-m,”

I glunch'd and said, “Imph-m.”

I was na ower proud, but ower dour to say A-y-e!

Ae day a queer word, as langnebbits himsel',
He vow'd he would thrash me if I wad na' spell.
Quo' I, “Maister Quill,” wi' a kin' o' a swither,
“I'll spell ye the word if ye'll spell me anither;

Let's hear ye spell ‘Imph-m,’

That common word ‘Imph-m,’

That auld Scotch word ‘Imph-m’—ye ken it means A-y-e!”

Had ye seen hoo he glour'd, hoo he scratched his big pate,
An' shouted, “Ye villain, get oot o' me gate!
Get aff to your seat! yer the plague o' the schule!
The de'il o' me kens if yer maist rogue or fule!”

But I only said, “Imph-m,”

That pawkie word, “Imph-m,”

He could na spell “Imph-m,” that stands for an A-y-e!

An' when a brisk wooer, I courted my Jean—
O' Avon's braw lassies the pride an' the queen—
When 'neath my gray plaidie, wi' heart beatin' fain,
I speired in a whisper if she'd be my ain,

She blushed, an' said, “Imph-m,”

That charming word, “Imph-m,”

A thousan' times better an' sweeter than A-y-e!

Just ae thing I wanted my bliss to complete—
A kiss from her rosy mou', couthie an' sweet—
But a shake o' her head was her only reply—
Of course, that said No, but I kent she meant A-y-e,

For her twa e'en said, “Imph-m,”

Her red lips said, “Imph-m,”

Her hale face said, “Imph-m,” an' “Imph-m” means A-y-e.

TEACHER: A recitation by Tillie Tickle.

TILLIE [*gets up to recite, but giggles so she has to sit down*].

TEACHER: A recitation by Tommy Bragg.

TOMMY [*recites*]:

“WISH I HAD A DOG”

Oh, pa, the boy next door to us—

The one that's jest moved in—

Has got a bully St. Bernard

That comes 'most to my chin.

He's got a collar—'nd his name

Is all wrote on it, too.

Bill takes him out to play with him

Whenever school is through.

'Nd, pa, you 'd ought to 've seen him oncet,

When we went to the store—

'T was almost time for school to start—

We did n't know it 'fore

We heered the bell,—'nd then Bill says,

“You take it home, old boy.”

Bob took the bundle in his mouth

'Nd jest yelped out for joy.

'Nd, pa, Bill says that Bob's more fun

Than any feller'd be—

He runs, 'nd barks, 'nd jumps, 'nd plays,

'Nd fetches things, you see,

'Nd Bill, he's got a brand-new sled

With reins, for Bob to draw;

'Nd then he “shakes,” 'nd sits, 'nd begs—

Sech tricks you never saw!

'Nd, pa, I think that if I had

A playmate dog like that

I would n't want so many things—

I would n't need that bat—

Nor play so much with other boys,

Nor tease at Uncle Will's—

I'd be a better boy, I'm sure,

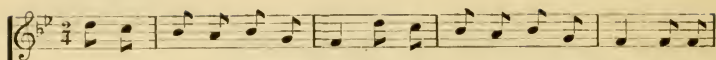
If I 'd a dog like Bill's.

TEACHER: A song by Sammy Talkmuch and Betty McGee.

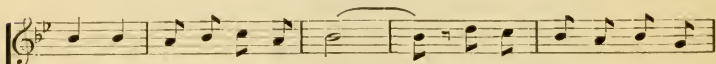
SAMMY and BETTY [*sing, SCHOLARS joining in the chorus*]:

J. P. HIGGINS

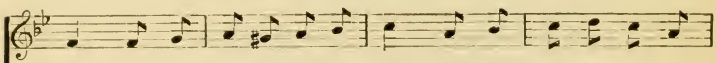
HALSEY K. MOHR



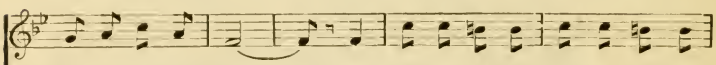
1. On our mem'-ry's thorough-fare, Mon-u-ments stand ev'-ry-where; Rel-ics
2. Man-y years have passed a-way, Yet it seems but yes-ter-day, So vivid



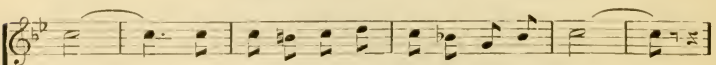
of the days be-yond re-call, Stand-ing out in bold re-
is the print on mem'-ry's page, When, as boys and girls we



lief 'Gainst the sea of un-be-lief, Mute re-mind-ers of the
played In the sunshine and the shade, Round the quaint old school-house

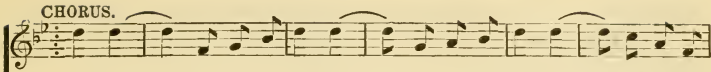


deeds of one and all And as we hearken to their si-lent
long since wrecked with age And as we watch the sun-set's gold-en


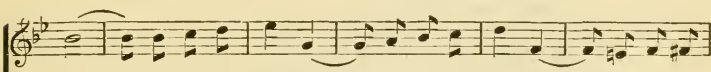


lays, Come vi-sions of the long de-part-ed days
glow, Our tho'ts dwell on those days of long a-go

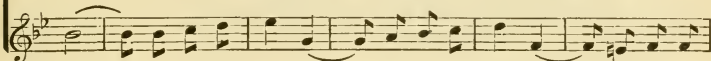
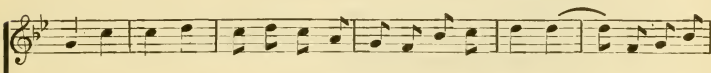
CHORUS.



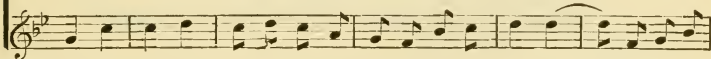
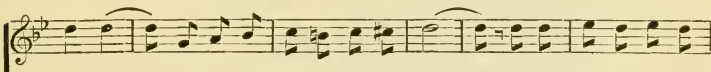
Schol-days, those hap-py school-days, Our mem'ry's fan-cy brings back once

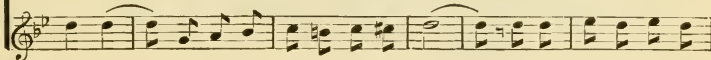
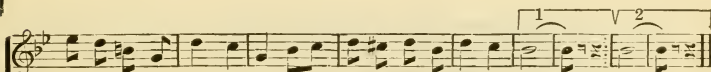
more; De-part-ed school-days, e-vent-ful school-days, Back in our

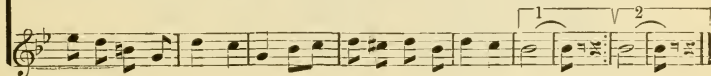
life's bright, sun-ny spring-time, And we knew no cares or sor-rows, But sun-ny

mor-rows, Still we will sing the old re - frain, In the sun-set of our

lives Our heart within us strives To live those jol-ly days a-gain. -gain.



TEACHER: The next on our program will be a recitation by
Lydia Lee.

LYDIA [*recites*]:

IN 1492

I think of all the things at school
A girl has got to do,
That studying hist'ry, as a rule,
Is worst of all, don't you?
Of dates there are an awful sight,
An' tho' I study day and night,
There's only one I've got just right,
That's 1492.

Columbus crossed the Delaware
In fourteen ninety-two,
We whipped the British fair and square
In fourteen ninety-two.
At Concord an' at Lexington,
We kept the red coats on the run,
While the band played "Johnny Get Your Gun,"
In 1492.

Pat Henry, with his dyin' breath—
In fourteen ninety-two.
Said, "Gimme liberty or death!"
In fourteen ninety-two.
An' Barbara Frietchie, so 't is said,
Cried, "Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But I'd rather 't would be your own instead!"
In 1492.

The Pilgrims came to Plymouth Rock,
In fourteen ninety-two,
An' the Indians standin' on the dock,
Asked, "What are you goin' to do?"
An' they said, "We seek your harbor clear
That our children's children's children dear,
May boast that their forefathers landed here,
In 1492.

Kentucky was settled by Daniel Boone

In fourteen ninety-two,

An' I think the cow jumped over the moon

In fourteen ninety-two.

Ben Franklin flew his kite so high

He drew the lightnin' from the sky,

An' Washington could n't tell a lie,

In 1492.

[Nixon Waterman

TEACHER: We will now listen to a song by the girls.

GIRLS [*sing, joining hands in couples and swinging with the music. TOPSY-TURVY stands in center, swinging her arms violently. The rest of the girls finish the song and quietly slip to seats, leaving TOPSY still swinging and singing, "swimming, swimming," her motions being more like swimming than swinging. Upon finding herself alone, she gives a start and rushes to her place.*]

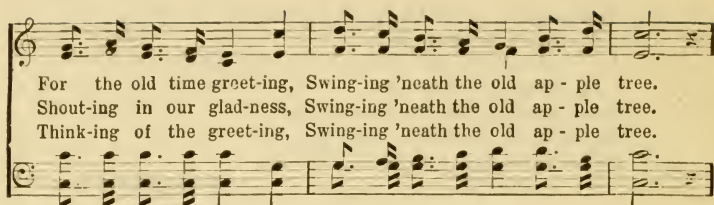
SWINGING 'NEATH THE APPLE TREE

O. R. BARROWES

1. Oh, the sports of child - hood! Roam - ing thro' the wild - wood,
 2. Sway-ing in the sun - beams, Float - ing in the shad - ow,
 3. Oh, the sports of child - hood! Roam - ing thro' the wild - wood,

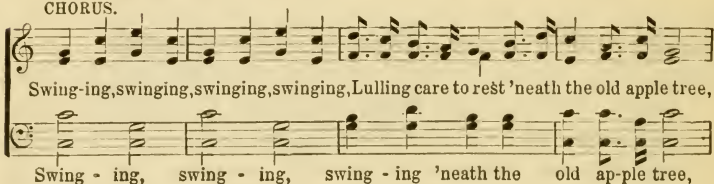
Running o'er the mead-ows, hap - py and free; But my heart's a-beat-ing
 Sail-ing o'er the breez-es, hap - py and free; Chas-ing all our sad - ness,
 Sing-ing o'er the mead-ows, hap - py and free; How my heart's a-beat-ing,

THE LAST HALF-DAY

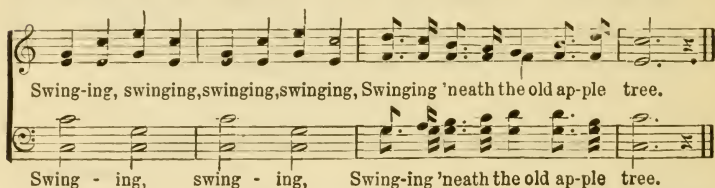


For the old time greet-ing, Swing-ing 'neath the old ap - ple tree.
 Shout-ing in our glad-ness, Swing-ing 'neath the old ap - ple tree.
 Think-ing of the greet-ing, Swing-ing 'neath the old ap - ple tree.

CHORUS.



Swing-ing, swinging, swinging, swinging, Lulling care to rest 'neath the old apple tree,
 Swing - ing, swing - ing, swing - ing 'neath the old ap - ple tree,



Swing-ing, swinging, swinging, swinging, Swinging 'neath the old ap - ple tree.
 Swing - ing, swing - ing, Swing-ing 'neath the old ap - ple tree.

END OF EXERCISES

AN IMPROMPTU FARCE

At the conclusion of the program PROFESSOR CATCHEMATIT comes forward to the center of the stage and invites the visitors to "say something." Result is a hot and amusing squabble, which may well be called an impromptu farce.

TEACHER: This completes our exercises for the day. We want to thank our distinguished visitors for their presence; also, the fathers and mothers who found it convenient to be present. We would be pleased to hear from anybody who may have a word to say for the good of the school.

WINDSTORM [*excitedly*]: I may not have anything to say for the good of the school; but I think I can say something for the good of the taxpayers. I happen to be a taxpayer, and a heavy one, too. Schools are all right if it don't cost too much to run 'em. Education is all right if it don't make fools of the scholars. I haven't any fault to find with our school, or our teacher, but I must find fault with what's written on this slip of paper. [*Holds up paper and reads.*] One towel, one broom, one dust pan, and a gallon of kerosene to build fires with. Now I don't object to getting things that are necessary, but what on earth does a well-regulated school need with all that junk? [*Indicating paper.*] Soap in a school-room! Who ever heard of it? Kerosene to build fires with! Sounds like the teacher is afraid of a little exercise! None of this nonsense while I'm on the Board.

[*School groans.*]

WHIPSTOCK [*looking at WINDSTORM contemptuously*]: I'm a member of this school board, and happen to be a taxpayer too. But a different kind of a taxpayer from our friend, Mr. Windstorm.

SCHOOL [*shouting*]: He's our friend all right, all right!

WHIPSTOCK: I'm a willing taxpayer, and the only fault I can find is, that the children are not as observing as they used to be. Ever notice that, teacher?

TEACHER: No, I have not.

WHIPSTOCK: I'll prove it to you.

[*Steps to blackboard and asks pupils to give numbers of two places. He writes on board, but changes numbers around. Rubs out 36, writes 63; 75, writes 57.*]

SAMMY [*waving hand*]: Teacher, let me give a number!

TEACHER: All right, Sammy.

SAMMY [*gleefully*]: 77. Let's see you turn that around!

WHIPSTOCK [*laughing*]: This school is all right. The best in the county. You can have anything you want A barrel of kerosene if you want it!

WINDSTORM [*angrily*]: Not while I 'm on the Board!
[*Shakes fist at WHIPSTOCK.*]

WHIPSTOCK: Oh! you are not so much! [*Defends himself.*]

DOOLITTLE [*pompously*]: As moderator of this district, it is my duty to preserve order. Gentlemen, come to order at once.

MRS. SETTEMRITE [*rising*]: I jest want to say one thing! This here ain't no kind of a school to my way o' thinkin'! I ain't heard no good grammar since I been in this here school. They ain't nothin' learnt in this here school but foolishness. An' I hear tell they are going to put in a lot of new-fangled things, such as drawin' of pieters an' teachen' 'em to play with bean bags, and organizin' of Mothers' Clubs. In my day, drawin' of a pail of water was what a boy learnt. Some of the scholars won't know beans, no matter how many bean bags they play with. An' Mothers' Clubs! The ide-er! Jest a mess of gossipin' women, and I don't take no stock in 'em. In my day, father's club was enough fer us. I'm a taxpayer, too, an' will stand right back of Director Windstorm! He's my kind of a tomato!

BILLY [*impudently*]: You mean a hot tamale.

MRS. SETTEMRITE [*shaking fist*]: Billy, you 're a fool!

BILLY: No, I ain't. Ma says I'm bright. So bright she calls me her sun (*son*)!

MRS. SETTEMRITE: What kind of a school is this, anyhow? Children allowed to sass visitors!

CLEM [*swaggering*]: It am a good school, Mrs. Settemrite. Mistah Whipstock says it am a good school.

MRS. SETTEMRITE: A good school! Good fiddlesticks!

TOMMY [*insolently*]: You could n't tell a good school from a flock of canary birds.

MRS. SETTEMRITE [*growing more excited every minute*]: Now I've had enough of this sass! I did n't come here to be insulted!

HANS [*drawling*]: Den why did you come? Nobody axed you to. If you don't like our school put yourself oud once. Ain't it so, Professor?

MRS. SETTEMRITE [*starting for HANS*]: I 'll put you out!

MR. DOOLITTLE [*impressively*]: I must preserve the peace, Mrs. Settemrite. [*Moves toward her.*]

MRS. SETTEMRITE: I 'll have a piece of that Dutchman's hair! [*Grabs HANS' hair.*]

MR. DOOLITTLE: I am the executive officer of this district [*laying hands on MRS. SETTEMRITE*], and I command you to come to order!

MRS. SETTEMRITE [*shaking HANS vigorously*]: I am in order! I had the floor first.

MR. DOOLITTLE: By virtue of the authority vested in me, as Moderator of this school, I shall proceed to put you out! [*Pushes her toward the door, MRS. SETTEMRITE talking all the time.*]

MRS. SETTEMRITE [*pounding with fists on outside of door*]: This here fight 's just begun, Mr. Moderator! An' I am going to the end of the rope, if it takes all I 've got! [*Exit.*]

TEACHER: Well, children, now that the excitement is all over, we would like to hear a few words from our honorable school commissioner, Mrs. Rulewell. [*CLASS claps hands.*]

MRS. RULEWELL [*rises and addresses school*]: I am Ella Rulewell and I came to inspect the school. I find everything satisfactory. The discipline is beyond ordinary, and the recitations are perfect; facts which are due largely to so efficient and conscientious an instructor as your teacher. But, boys and girls, such conditions could not exist if you had not done your part. For such diligence and faithfulness I present you with a likeness of myself, for which I trust you will find a fitting place on your walls, in memory of one who is always in sympathy with such splendid work as I have seen here.

[Presents school with a framed chromo, or caricature of herself.]

BILLY *[rising]*. All those in favor of extending a vote of thanks to Mrs. Rulewell will please stand on their feet. Those opposed will please stand on their heads.

[School rises and, while standing, closes with the singing of "America."]

CURTAIN



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